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REMINISCENCES

...OF THE...



HOSPITALS OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

By

MRS. CAMPBELL BRYCE



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REMINISCENCES
OF THE HOSPITALS
OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

DURING

THE FOUR YEARS
OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY MRS. CAMPBELL BRYCE



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REMINISCENCES



BY request of some of the officers of the Wade Hampton Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I undertake to recall and record some of the work accomplished not only by myself but by others who were equally willing and anxious to do all in their power for our beloved cause and our soldiers in the field, who bore our standards in battle, giving their lives for our country and our homes. It is useless here to attempt to recall the reasons for our vain efforts to bring about a separation of the States. We were unsuccessful ; " we were overpowered, *not* conquered."

Many of us still remember the dull and solemn roar of the cannon on the 12th of April, 1861, the day on which General Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter, and can we ever forget the three anxious days we spent awaiting the result of the first guns of the war ! On the third day there appeared on the bulletin board the joyful news, " White flag waved over Sumter." We hoped this would be the end. Mr. Lincoln said we had learned a new mode of warfare : we had ex-

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changed fire for three days "and nobody hurt." Our joy, however, was of short duration.

The war had just begun, for soon we were told that our troops would be sent to Virginia, which meant parting with our loved ones for who knew how long. Then the women were asked to lend their aid, by moulding bullets and making cartridges. My eldest daughter had been taught by her father to run bullets, and soon had a large and enthusiastic class, some moulding and the others tying up cartridges, many other households being engaged in similar work. One day she accidentally burned her wrist with a hot bullet, leaving a deep scar, and triumphantly declared that she was "the first soldier wounded by a bullet in the cause."

My husband and my young son, upon whom I buckled his sword (he was just seventeen), went with the first company of mounted men, called "The Congaree Cavaliers," commanded by Major Alex. Taylor. I gave my carriage horses to assist in mounting this troop.

Colonel Gregg, in command of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, was then ordered to Virginia, the State was called on for more troops, and soon there were three thousand collected and camped a few miles from Columbia, where, during the summer, they were drilled and trained for service. In September measles broke out in the camp, just as the Sep-

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tember gales set in. The tents were blown down, and the men who were ill with the measles were exposed to the rain ; as a consequence, pneumonia (the sequence to measles) followed. The officers of the regiment tried in vain to provide shelter for them in the city, but the mayor refused to allow them to be brought in.

The Rev. Mr. Anderson then wrote to me, begging that I use my influence to find shelter for them, saying he knew the women of Columbia would not allow our soldiers to suffer. I, too, knew this, and took his letter to my dear friend Mrs. Howe, the wife of the Rev. George Howe, D.D., who was president of our Hospital Association. We started at once to seek a place where the soldiers could be protected and nursed. The wind was blowing a gale, the trees bending, and the limbs crashing and breaking, but we heeded not the storm. Fortunately, we were in my pony-carriage, and could control our movements. On our way to the main street we met the Rev. Dr. Adger hurrying home ; he exclaimed, " Ladies, are you crazy ? Go home at once, for you are in danger of your lives." We told him that there were other lives, more valuable than ours, exposed to the storm, and that, moreover, they were ill. We stated what we were going to do, if possible, whereupon he said, " You will need money," immediately handing me a twenty-dollar bill. We then drove on to the Commercial Bank, and were again met with the advice to " go home, go home,"

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from the president, Mr. John Crawford. Again we had to assert, "We will *not* go home until we have found shelter for our sick soldiers, and you, Mr. Crawford, are the very man to suggest a place for the purpose." He demanded, almost angrily, "Why don't the officers attend to this?" We told him that they had tried and failed, and now we had taken it up and did not mean to fail. After a good deal of grumbling on his part and a good deal of flattery on ours, he succumbed (men *will* succumb to flattery), and suggested the buildings at the Fair Grounds. We both exclaimed, "That is just the place!" After gently hinting that a contribution would be acceptable, and after receiving it, we turned the ponies' heads towards the Fair Grounds.

Here, again, we met with opposition, Mr. George Hall, the custodian of the grounds, bluntly refusing to admit the soldiers, saying they would "put the buildings in bad condition for the fair." We asked, "When do you suppose the next fair will be held?" I reminded him of what he had said in Petersburg, Virginia, to which place he had brought a young soldier who was paralyzed, and upon being refused admittance to the hotel, told the proprietor that the ladies of South Carolina would stand out in drops of rain as large as the end of his finger in order to make room for a sick soldier. I recalled this speech of his to him, and said, "And now you tell us we cannot have these useless buildings for hundreds of sick soldiers!" He meekly

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handed me the keys, offering to have the buildings put in order.

With our contributions we purchased cots, bedding, and crockery, calling in the services of Mrs. John Bryce, who for the next four years gave her whole heart and time to the aid and comfort of our soldiers. After we had all things in readiness to accommodate the sick, we informed the officers that they might bring their men in, but, to our intense astonishment, we were told that they would not come, that they had no desire to go to a "hors-pit-tul." We were not to lose our labor in that way, however, so we formed ourselves into a committee of three—namely, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. John Bryce, and myself—and took the train to the camp. Here the officers met us, begging us to go into the tents and tell the men what we had done for them. We did this, and with one accord they decided to go and be taken care of. This was the first hospital in Columbia for our sick soldiers.

The men were brought in by the officers, and, as we had not yet found nurses for them, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. John Bryce assisted the *very* sick to undress, untying their shoes and pulling off shoes and stockings. We were not long without help, however, for the ladies of Columbia formed themselves into committees of four, six, or eight for each day, and Dr. Fair had an appointment as a kind of local Confederate surgeon, with several young doctors under him.

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During the winter following some forty of the soldiers died, many from pneumonia, some from typhoid fever, and others from erysipelas. Although we had a corps of hired nurses, our ladies were still indefatigable in their attentions. Mrs. Howe and Mrs. John Bryce, the president and vice-president of the Hospital Association, were most faithful in their attendance at all times. Mrs. Howe contracted erysipelas from her close attention to the patients with that disease, and was ill for some time, eventually losing the sight of one of her eyes from this cause.

I myself was able to render the soldiers assistance in many ways through the liberality of my dear husband, who, being unable, on account of delicate health and imperfect hearing, to remain in the field, had materially assisted in raising and mounting the company known as "The Congaree Troop." Of this company Mr. Thomas Taylor was elected captain, and Mr. Bryce went to Virginia as its first lieutenant, where he remained for several months, but, owing to the severity of the climate, was compelled to return home. His return enabled me to give more of my time to the hospitals, besides the advantage of his advice and counsel.

During that period I witnessed many sad scenes. There was one poor fellow in particular, in whom I had taken great interest, trying to awaken in him a sense of his dangerous condition, by offering to read to him passages from the Scriptures and hymns which I

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thought to be appropriate. However, he politely declined my services for some days, but on the fourth day from the time that the surgeon told me his case was almost hopeless he sent for me, and said, "Lady, I have seen how anxious you have been about me. Has the doctor told you I am in danger?" I replied, "Yes, your case is very dangerous." He then said, "I have never been baptized. Will you please get a minister to come and baptize me?" I asked, "What denomination?" "Baptist," he replied. Here a very curious thing occurred. Knowing that his hours were numbered, I hurried off to find a minister, and as I put my hand on the knob of the front door some one had hold of it from the opposite side. A young man walked in, whose garb told me immediately that he was a clergyman. I said, "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" As he had never before seen me, he looked very much amazed, whereupon I said, "You are a minister?" He bowed assent, and upon my asking what denomination, he answered, "Baptist." I told him that he was wanted at once, to baptize a dying soldier, but he said, "I cannot do it." I begged him to come and see the poor fellow, which he did. After talking with the young man for some time, he said, "Please get me some water." This I did, and remained with them during the service. I have since heard that the young minister was silenced or suspended by his church for having performed this Christian act. As the soldier died in

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two hours after the baptism, it was a comfort to know that I had been able to relieve the mind of the poor dying man even to that small extent.

In this connection I would mention another case, that of a young Georgian suffering from the same trouble, congestion of the lungs, who, with many others, had been sent from the coast. He was in a fearful condition from want of attention, his hair being almost a foot long and filled with insects, and his clothes filthy and scant. I asked him if he would like to have his hair cut, as it seemed much in his way, but he shook his head. I stayed by him, reading the war news and then a psalm. He listened with interest, thanking me. I then said, "There is a nice old 'maumma' here, who can cut hair. Shall I bring her to you, and will you let her cut your hair and comb it?" This time he consented, and the negro woman performed this duty as gently and tenderly as his own mother could have done, also bathing him as well as was possible in his condition, after which I procured clean clothes for him. When he had been made comfortable and I had given him a milk-punch, he seemed much refreshed, and I hoped he would recover, although the doctor had said his case was hopeless. I told him he was very ill, but he said little, at the same time not seeming afraid to die. After looking intently at me for some time, he exclaimed, "I love you!" I asked, "But do you love God?" "Yes. Oh, yes,"

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he replied. He was restless, and repeated, "I love you because you have been so kind to me." How often was I made to realize the necessity of making our peace with God before the hour of death! When I went to his cot next morning it was empty. Alas, how many such cases came under my care! although sometimes I found others who were members of some church, and in faith and hope in Christ Jesus.

I went to the hospital one afternoon, and was told of a young man of twenty years who was said to be desperately ill. I went to him, saying, "I am so sorry to hear you are so sick." He smiled and said, "Do not be uneasy about me, I trust in God and my Saviour." After some little time he said, "Won't you hold my hand?" I at once replied, "Yes," taking his hand. He was quite still for a few minutes, then stretched out, a slight quiver passing over his face; his great brown eyes, with their long lashes, opened wide with that look of wonder which is sometimes seen on the faces of the dead. The surgeon said, "He has gone." It was so sudden I felt almost stunned. Doubtless he had seen the sympathy in my face when he requested me to hold his hand, though he had never before seen me. I afterwards found that he was his mother's youngest son,—her "Benjamin,"—and that she had six sons in the field, but he was her darling.

There was one man who gave a great deal of trouble, as well as affording a great deal of amusement. The

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difficulty in pleasing him had obtained for him the sobriquet of "Fussy Joe." He had been very ill, but was now convalescent, and, as he said, "honed for candy," which the surgeons told him he could not have, as his disease had been dysentery. He begged and asked in vain for it, but the nurses could not give it to him contrary to orders, so, under cover of night, Joe slipped out, found his way to the city, and purchased all he wanted. On his return to the hospital he treated all around, saying he had "et til he lef," so they must do the same. The next morning, when the surgeon was going his rounds, he was called hurriedly to "Fussy Joe," whom he asked, "Why, Joe, what is the matter with you? I was about to write your discharge so you could report for duty."

"Well, doctor, I sent for you to tell you that you need not write that discharge, as I have my last one on this earth. I shall die to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I seed my coffin last night. It come right down through the roof."

"Joe, what have you been doing?" asked the surgeon.

"Well, doctor, I jist et all the candy I wanted——"

"And have killed yourself," said the surgeon.

"I 'spose that's jist about it. Please ask Mis' Fair to come to me." When Mrs. Fair came, he said, "Mis' Fair, I'm goin' to die, and I know my wife

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Mandy will marry ag'in, so I want you to promise me you will have my gun and blankets and clothes put in my coffin. I don't want No. 2 to git 'um."

She said, "Oh, Joe, you are not going to die yet."

"Yessum, I seed my coffin come down through the roof last night, and a voice told me I would die tomorrow at twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Fair went the next morning to the hospital, and, strange to say, "Fussy Joe" died at twelve o'clock, and his request to bury his belongings with him was complied with.

During the summer of 1862 (the government had long since taken the hospital out of our hands) it was thought best to remove the sick to the South Carolina College Buildings, as the students were all in the army. This work was slowly accomplished, and when all but two had been sent away, I proposed to Mrs. Howe and Mrs. John Bryce to go and look after these two and our belongings, which we had carried there when we had opened the Fair Grounds Hospital. We accordingly drove there, where we found the two patients and their nurse, but, behold, our cots and bedding had been appropriated by the government. While talking to the two sick soldiers, of whom one was a boy of seventeen years, the older man said to me, "Mrs. Bryce, some accommodation ought to be provided for the sick soldiers who arrive at the depot. This youth," pointing to the boy, "lay on a stretcher, when he had been put

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off the train, for twenty-four hours without attention.” He had typhoid fever, and was unable to do anything for himself. I assured him I was glad he had mentioned the matter to me, and that I would at once attend to it, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Bryce saying they would do all they could to aid me. I told them I would go at once and establish a Way-Side Hospital, then and there giving it its name. On my return home I told my husband of the necessity for this hospital, and he said, “We will go at once and look for a suitable building,” which we did. We went to Mr. Richard O’Neal, who had a warehouse that Mr. Bryce thought could be utilized for this purpose. Unfortunately for us, however, Mr. O’Neal had just filled it with groceries. We then found an old building which had been used as a depository for ice, and were told that the owner lived over at the Saluda Factory. Mr. Bryce said, “We must not let the grass grow under our feet; we will drive over there at once and see Mr. Bateman.” This we did, and Mr. Bateman, the owner of the factory, consented willingly to my taking it for a hospital, telling me where to find the keys, and wishing me “God-speed.” To our regret, we found the house without a floor, so could not use it until one was laid, so my husband sent his own carpenters to do this work.

The next day General Preston came to me and said, “I am glad to hear you have undertaken the care of the soldiers who arrive at the Charleston Depot. I

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thought of putting up tents there, and made a requisition on the medical director for tents, but," he laughingly said, "I was told to mind my own business, or words to that effect." The next day I called and took Mrs. John Bryce and Mrs. John Fisher to the depot, where we found four sick men sitting on the platform ; they had measles, and what to do with them was the next question. I suggested to the ladies that we should go to see Mrs. Stratton on Gervais Street, who kept a boarding-house, and persuade her to take them. Mrs. Stratton consented at once, saying she had an office in her yard where she could put them. I put the men in my carriage and sent them to her, in the mean time looking at a small room, which had formerly been a ticket office of the South Carolina Railroad, thinking we might make temporary use of it. We applied to Mr. Bollin, the ticket-agent, to give us the little room, which he readily did. Mrs. Fisher then told us that she had a small fund in her hands belonging to the Young Ladies' Hospital Association, and that they were anxious to assist in this work. We told her we were only too glad to have such help, and with this little fund we purchased a bed and bedding to put in our little room, which could contain no more than a chair and table besides. I made up this bed with my own hands.

In a few days I had the ice-house in readiness, and then called on the surgeons of the College Hospital

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for the cots and bedding with which we had furnished the Fair Grounds Hospital, but they refused to give them up. I then complained to the Medical Director, Dr. Ogier, who replied that he feared they could not be identified, and we were told to apply to the purveyor. However, as we had many contributions from the merchants and citizens, we did not do this at that time.

By the beginning of autumn we had our ice-house hospital ready to receive the men and give them lodgings for a few days, if necessary, but we were not prepared to nurse the soldiers; it was strictly a wayside hospital. The first board of managers consisted of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. John Bryce, Mrs. John Fisher, Miss Mary Stark, Miss Amanda Graeser, and myself. Two of us were on hand in time to meet the early morning train each day and give the sick and wounded breakfast; again in the evening we met the incoming trains, and gave them supper and lodging for the night. I must not neglect to pay a tribute to our cook, Dinah Collins, who was most faithful in her service to us, always respectful and polite, and invariably kind and attentive to the soldiers. She was in the service of the hospital from the commencement until the end, and was a free woman, although colored.

Soon after the opening of the hospital many other ladies were appointed on committees, having their day for receiving and caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. John Bryce gave her whole time and care

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to this hospital, being there early and late, her house serving as the depot for the supplies sent from all parts of the State to this hospital, and the charge of them was no light task. We gradually increased our accommodations as the time went on. The hospital was a great success. Often when a sick or wounded man came who was too disabled to travel, he would beg to be allowed to stay and be under the care of the ladies. When told that this could not be, as it was impossible to nurse them there, I have seen them weep and plead to be allowed to remain. But, as before said, this was not possible, as we had no surgeon, nor were we prepared to keep them for any length of time, although sometimes they would stay for two or three days.

During the winter we enlarged our quarters. As the number of sick and wounded increased, and we found it impossible to keep so many, and as they protested against being sent to the Government Hospital, I resolved to try and find a place where we could keep some of them and care for them ; so, after having a consultation with my husband, we set out to see if a suitable place could be found on the other side of the town, near what we then called the Charlotte Depot. We could not, however, find anything suitable. The next day a workman called upon me, saying he had heard I was looking for a place for a hospital, and suggested some car factories, known as "Schofield & Butler's Car Factory." My daughter Sally and I again

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went on a tour of inspection, and found the buildings to be remarkably well adapted to our purpose, there being two large rooms capable of containing thirty-five or forty beds apiece and a dining-room sufficiently large to accommodate all the patients. A shed extending the whole length of these two rooms most conveniently furnished a complete range of all the necessary offices, such as pantries, store-rooms, kitchens, and an adjoining room for servants, baggage-room, etc. Mrs. Howe and I decided that with the aid of money and carpenters this place might be made very comfortable. We soon let our wants be known, and my first contribution came from the soldiers whom we had nursed at the Fair Grounds Hospital, many of them being well-to-do farmers. This, they said, was a slight token of their appreciation of what we had done for them. Mr. Robert Beck sent us one carpenter free of charge, and Mr. Bryce sent two on the same terms; we had employment for them for two months. Mr. Clark Waring built for us two large chimneys, and did other work free of charge, while Mr. Brown, the painter and glazier, put in and patched up our windows. After exhausting the supply of whole glass he literally pieced the glass out of strips not wider than two fingers, some ground, some figured, and some plain, and he declared he would not have undertaken the job for any other cause for hundreds of dollars.

When we had progressed so far, Mr. Bryce accom-

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panied me to Charleston to obtain the co-operation of the medical director, Dr. Ogier, who, however, at first flatly refused, saying the women would soon get tired of it. I told what we had already done, reminding him that he would have the appointing of the surgeon, who would, of course, be under his control. I also told him our object was to take care of the soldiers for the country and to save the government expense, as we meant to support the hospital by contributions. It was difficult to gain his consent, but his oldest son, who was a surgeon in the field, encouraged me by saying, "I will aid you in this matter." Soon after our return home the permit came, and Dr. Edmunds was appointed surgeon in September, 1862, and a faithful and kind surgeon and friend he proved to be. The soldiers under his care all loved him.

When the number in the hospital increased, Dr. Alfred Wallace was appointed assistant surgeon for a time. We had hired nurses and ward-masters, who were employed by the ladies, and were under our control. We appointed committees of ladies, whose duty it was to spend one day in each week looking after the sick and wounded, seeing that the work was done satisfactorily. Of course they could at times see to special patients, who needed extra care, and sometimes were called on to sit up with a very ill patient all night. Mrs. Palmer and I did so frequently at first, accompanied by a theological student, until they too

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were called to the field. Sometimes some of the ladies would dress the wounds of the soldiers; Mrs. Rhett and Mrs. A. C. Squier both, with tender and deft hands, would perform this office, greatly to the admiration of the surgeons. A tablet should be erected to Mrs. Squier for her constant and unfailing kindness to the sick and wounded, day and night.

I remember on one occasion a large number of sick had been sent to Columbia from Richmond to make room for the wounded there. Among the number sent to us was a boy of about sixteen, who had been four days on the road coming. He had been blistered before leaving Richmond, and in the hurry and confusion consequent upon receiving the wounded they had forgotten to remove the blister. The motion of the car had caused it to slip from one side to the other, and the poor boy had six hideous blisters filled with life. His clothes were soiled, and he was altogether in a pitiable condition, and I thought, "What shall we do with him?" Mrs. Squier came, with her kind, motherly hands, and had a large tub of warm water brought, undressed him, and, with the aid of a nurse, gave him a warm bath, cleansed and dressed his blisters, put a clean, soft night-shirt on him, combed his hair, and then called me. I scarcely recognized the poor fellow. He had big blue eyes, was very fair, and so gentle and grateful, and didn't he give Mrs. Squier sweet smiles! Every one seemed interested in "little

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King," and the first question asked in the morning by all was, "How is little King?" He lingered for a week, but, alas, we could not save him.

We had a patient sent us by Dr. Chisholm, who had operated on his right arm, saving it from amputation, but never again could the poor fellow raise it to his head. He was a mere skeleton, his shoulder-blades protruding, so that we had to make round cushions with a hole in the centre in order to prevent their touching the bed. The doctors said to us, "You must make him eat for his life." As soon as the women heard this their pantries were ransacked for the few dainties they contained, and he was tempted to eat as no one ever was before, but all in vain. Mrs. Palmer, a student, and I stayed that night, and simply *compelled* him to drink milk-punch and rice-gruel. He was furious at first, weak as he was, but after a while seemed to realize that we were working for his good. We were watching him intently, fearing that every moment would be his last, when suddenly he opened his eyes, gazing at Mrs. Palmer for some time. She asked, "Do you wish anything?" Said he, "Good woman, do you smoke?" She answered, "No; do you want to smoke?" He answered, "I think I could take a few 'wheefs;' it would do me good." She at once found a pipe and filled it, whereupon he said, "Now, you take a draw;" she put the pipe to his lips, and *he* did the drawing. We were quite hysterical, first, with

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pleasure at his improvement, and then at his queer mode of address, and still more at his question.

One experience which I can never forget I must record. Mrs. Howe and I, knowing that there were some desperately ill patients, went to the hospital about sundown to see who were going to remain that night. Mrs. Rhett and a Miss Morrison were to stay, but Mrs. Rhett had sent word that she was sick, so could not come. There were three desperately ill men, two with typhoid and the other with pneumonia. When we bade them "good-night" the man with pneumonia said, "Oh, ladies, don't leave me, don't leave me, for God's sake!" He breathed with difficulty. Mrs. Howe told him that she could not possibly stay, but that there were other ladies coming who would take care of him. He caught her dress and implored her to stay. She was quite overcome, but told me that it was impossible for her to stay, but begged me to do so. I consented, Mrs. Howe promising to send some one to assist me, also to let my husband know the circumstances, but night drew on and no one came. The poor man was in a fearful state of mind as to his future. He would beg me to pray for him, and ask if there was any forgiveness for such a sinner as he. I reminded him of all the promises that I could think of,—that God had said, "If thou wilt return to me, I will return to you;" that our dear Lord had said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." He told me that he

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had been a member of the Methodist Church, and was a "backslider," so I sent for the Rev. Mr. Game-well, who came and prayed, encouraged and comforted him. As soon as the minister had left the man's fears all returned, and he constantly implored me to teach him to pray. After a few sentences he would go off into a sluggish sleep, of which I would take advantage to look after the other two patients, to whom I had to give medicine every hour. I had kept one of our day-nurses and an old colored man belonging to Mr. Richard Bryan. Uncle Jesse rendered me very efficient aid, raising the men's heads while I gave each in turn his medicine.

There was a Jew, a Mr. Mordecai, who had been a great friend of the man with pneumonia, and who occupied an adjoining cot. This man was very helpful, as the nurse was so overcome with sleep that I sent her to bed. He supplied her place in a measure, but about two o'clock the sick man ordered him away, just remembering that he was a Jew. He would call out in faltering accents, "Go away, you crucified my Saviour; go away!" I greatly missed Mr. Mordecai's help, for he did not dare come near him again. About daylight my poor patient became unconscious, and soon after my carriage came for me. I was prostrated for several days thereafter, the strain on mind and body having been too great for me. Poor old Jesse died of typhoid fever a few weeks later.

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Soon after this the medical director sent us a new assistant surgeon. We were jealous of all interference by the government, and looked at this young man very "jubously," as the darkies say, and it did not improve matters when he told us he had just graduated in medicine in New York. His name was Almon. He asked us if we took him for a spy. To this I responded, "Aren't you?" Said he, "If I were I should not tell you, for I know you would hang me as high as Haman." He then showed us letters from President Davis, General Breckenridge, and others, which were all-sufficient vouchers for him. We found him kind and attentive to our soldiers, winning the good opinion of all the ladies who visited the hospital, as well as of the surgeon, Dr. Edmunds. Neither Mrs. Howe nor I gave up our day at the "Wayside" for months after the "Ladies' Hospital" had been established. We superintended bringing the sick from that hospital to the other to be nursed. We received once a week, and served them at their meals, often taking with us our young daughters and others of the "Young Ladies' Hospital Association," Mary Preston, Isabella Martin, Emily Howe, and Sally, Maggie, and Callie Bryce. Of course many others belonging to that association went with their mothers and friends, one and all thinking it a great privilege to wait on the soldiers.

About this time Mrs. Macfie was appointed on the Board of Managers, and from that time until the end

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gave it her most efficient help. The original officers of the "Wayside" were Mrs. Howe, President ; Mrs. John Bryce, Vice-President ; Mrs. John Fisher, Secretary and Treasurer ; Board of Managers, Mrs. William Martin, Miss Mary Stark, Miss Graeser, and Mrs. Campbell Bryce. In the early part of 1863 I resigned my place on the Board of Managers to Mrs. Macfie. The names of those who came to aid in receiving and serving at meals were too numerous to mention ; I might almost say all of the ladies of Columbia gave their help. Very many of us visited the Government Hospital, familiarly known as "The College Hospital."

I recall one thrilling experience there. I had been requested by some ladies at the "Wayside" to ask after two patients in whom we felt a deep interest ; one had a ball in his neck, and the other had been shot in the arm, severing an artery, which had been duly tied, but subsequently became undone by the sloughing of the wound. It was in such a condition that it was thought dangerous to allow him to return to his home, so they were both sent up to the College Hospital. As I drove into the campus, Dr. Horlbeck came out with a splint in his hand. I asked if it was for this patient, to which he replied, "Yes ; his arm needs attention." Dr. Le Borde came to the carriage to conduct me into the hospital, and took me to see the man with a bullet in his neck. While talking to him we were startled by

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the most agonized shriek I ever heard, and we both ran into the opposite room. I shall never forget the scene! Dr. Horlbeck stood with one foot on the edge of the bed, with his finger thrust in the wound, and the blood spurting up to the ceiling like a fountain. Dr. La Borde exclaimed, "Man, how did you dare to open that wound alone, and without the necessary preparations?" I had been trying to learn to keep my wits about me under all circumstances, so stepped close to Dr. Horlbeck and said, "What can I do for you?" "Go for Chisholm. Tell him to bring his instruments, ligatures, and chloroform." I ran to the carriage, and told Henry, my coachman, to drive for his life. In a few moments Dr. Chisholm was ready, and we drove back at full speed. I declined to witness the operation, but in a few minutes I saw a hand and arm laid on the window-sill. The poor fellow died during the night. He was from Florida, a gay, happy-hearted man. Mrs. Kenerly had a saucer of peaches and cream ready for him as soon as the doctor should finish dressing his wound, but, alas, poor fellow, they were not for him!

This hospital was still filled with soldiers, convalescent and wounded, after the burning of Columbia, Yankees as well as Confederates being cared for by the ladies of Columbia and Charleston. Very many ladies gave their attention to the hospital, but I can recall only the names of Mrs. David McCord, Mrs.

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Kenerly, and Mrs. Marshall, and the two Mrs. Snowden from Charleston. They were all devoted and very helpful.

After the burning of Columbia there were a number of Yankees, sick and many badly burned, left in this hospital. Mrs. W. K. Bachman and I went to look after our own sick, each of us with a basket on our arms containing little delicacies; among other things some sugar, which they had begged us to bring. While going our rounds, I being a little in advance of Mrs. Bachman, a miserable-looking "Yank" crawled up to me and begged for something to eat. I looked at him and hesitated; then our dear Lord's words flashed through my mind,—“Feed your enemies;” so I gave him something to eat, although I fear I was not a cheerful giver. When Mrs. Bachman came up to him, he crawled up to her (his feet were so badly burned he could not walk); he held up his hand for food; she, too, hesitated, and then I heard her say in her gentle voice, “Feed your enemies,” and she, too, gave him food. Soon after this our convalescent soldiers were sent to their homes.

Seventy-five thousand soldiers passed through our “Wayside” Hospital. During the early part of 1863 Dr. Wilson was appointed surgeon to the “Wayside,” and Mr. R. L. Bryan gave his devoted attention for months, his services being invaluable to the ladies in charge. Since the war, many of us have received the

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grateful and heartfelt thanks of numbers of these soldiers.

The Ladies' Hospital was opened in the latter part of October, 1862. I have before me a report, handed me by our surgeon, Dr. Edmunds, as I was secretary and treasurer, which runs as follows :

Admitted into the hospital to date	1000
Number returned to duty	556
Furloughed	200
Discharged from service	20
Deserted	18
Transferred to other hospitals	22
Died	23
Remaining in hospital	98

The amount expended for buildings and repair, and paid for servants' hire, up to October 27, 1863, was \$2229, of which \$690 were for the buildings.

During the following year our buildings were greatly enlarged, and we were thus enabled to receive three times the number of sick and wounded. We had appointed the Rev. B. M. Palmer chaplain, and were seriously thinking of building a chapel. When our beautiful city was burned by General W. T. Sherman, the following year's records were burned with the hospital. Our steward, Mr. Henry Nichols, deserves all praise for his devotion to the soldiers, his thoughtful care of the ladies and the interests of the hospital.

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Our surgeons, Drs. Edmunds and Almon, were devoted in their attentions to the sick, and always patient and kind ; although a stranger, the latter soon gained the love and sympathy of the ladies, not only because he was kind to our soldiers, but because we soon found he needed our care himself, having a severe cough, which troubled him very much, especially in the mornings. Notwithstanding this, he seemed never to think of himself nor allow his feelings to interfere with his duties. Consequently, the ladies of the hospital were devoted to him, constantly making something to tempt his appetite. In spite of his delicate health, Dr. Almon would sit up with those of his patients who were considered desperately ill, always gentle and thoughtful for them. In the winter of 1864 his health was so shattered that he decided to go to Florida ; from which place he went to Cuba, and thence to his home in Halifax, N. S., where he died in the bosom of his family.

Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Horace and Henry Nichols, Mrs. Elmore, Mrs. Rhett, Mrs. Squier, the two Mrs. Friday, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Kenerly, Mrs. Heisie, Mrs. Beard, and myself all had regular days, but many others came at different times. By dividing our time at the hospital it gave each of us off days for other work. Before we had been called upon to look after the hospitals the women of Columbia had organized an association called the "Soldiers' Relief Association," for the purpose of procuring material and

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making clothing for the soldiers. The government supplied material for uniforms. The first president was Mrs. David McCord. When this society was formed I was in Virginia with my husband, who was then in the field, and consequently was not familiar with its origin. Miss Hampton was its second president. The work was cut out by the ladies and distributed to the wives, mothers, and sisters of the soldiers, who were paid for their work. The ladies carried home a great deal of this work, which they and their servants did after a while. Miss Hampton resigned, and I was made president in her stead, Mrs. Rufus Johnston being appointed the secretary and treasurer. Through the chief quartermaster for South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, I was therefore able to procure material from Mr. James Gregg, of the Graniteville Manufacturing Company, and we were thus enabled to keep a large supply of underclothing on hand.

Mrs. Parker and her daughter Lena, Mrs. G. M. Goodwin, Mrs. Nurse, Mrs. Beard, and many others were unfailing in their attendance at the new courthouse, which was burned, where we at one time had our work-rooms. Gracyes' old store was the first work-room. After a time we removed to the little chapel in the Theological Seminary, where we distributed work to the sand-hill women. I have seen over a hundred at a time waiting for work, which was a boon to them, for, besides the fact of their being paid for their

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work, they had the satisfaction of knowing that their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts would benefit by their labor. Many of them' have since told me that they had fared better during the war than they had before or since, because of their having constant employment.

If these reminiscences appear egotistical, my apology is that they are my own individual experiences during the trying period of our struggle for independence.





